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Plays Maori and Pakeha

by JANET McLEOD

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Volume Two of Plays Maori and Pakeha contains plays suitable for Standard IV and Forms I and II

PLAYS MAORI AND PAKEHA

by

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LECTURER IN ENGLISH, CHRIST-
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VOLUME ONE
for Standards I—IV

*NOTES, APPENDIX AND
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FAIRY PATTERNS

CHARACTERS

FAIRY QUEEN

RATA FAIRIES

FUCHSIA FAIRIES

Little Maori Girls—

KOA

RANGI

HINE

TURA

FAIRY PATTERNS

SCENE: New Zealand forest; tree in background, ferns and forest growth.

In centre of stage are seated in a ring, fairies adorned with rata flowers, fuchsia flowers, etc. In centre of ring Fairy Queen is seated on a giant mushroom, her wand tipped with fuchsia flowers lying beside her; round her head a chaplet of rata flowers. A little fairy kneels before her as the Queen repairs and then replaces on her head her fuchsia cap.

FAIRY QUEEN: Now, don't tear it again, Fuchsia fay! Or you will have to go without a cap altogether.

(The little fairy bobs a curtsy and joins the ring. The Fairy Queen raises her wand and all sing.)

FAIRIES (*singing*):

Fairies love the greenwood,
Woodelves love the tree.
In the ferny greenwood
Forest fairies frolic,
Dancing in the greenwood,
Blithe as bird in tree.
In the greenwood free
Come and dance with me!

In the leafy greenwood
Life is sweet and free.
Sporting in the greenwood,—

(Fairy Queen holds up her wand)

FAIRY QUEEN: Hush, fays!

See who comes, Tui.

(Fairy runs out right. All listen, finger-tip at ear. The sound of children's voices is heard, at first dim and far away, then growing clearer and nearer.)

CHILDREN'S VOICES (*singing*):

"My mother said
That I never should
Play with the fairies in the wood!
If I did,
She would say,
'Come little Elf! And take her away!'"

(Tui runs in startled. All the fairies have jumped up, and huddle round their Queen).

TUI: O, Queen Rata, it is those mortals again! And they have decked themselves with our forest flowers and leaves!

FAIRY QUEEN: Come, fays!

They run and hide behind the tree. The song grows louder and ceases. The laughter and chatter of children's voices is heard:—

“What a lovely flower!”

“Mine is the prettiest.”

“It's the fairies' wood.”

“Yes, I'm sure it is.”

“Rangi, look at my posy”

(In running away, the little fairy has dropped her fuchsia cap.)

Four little Maori girls run gaily in. They wear garlands of leaves, and fuchsia and rata flowers. The fairies peep from behind their tree.

1ST MAORI (KOA): O, Rangi! Look! It's a really truly fairy ring!

RANGI (*seating herself on mushroom*): I'm the Fairy Queen! Look at me, Hine! It's the Fairy Queen's throne!

HINE (*pouncing on fuchsia bonnet just before Tura*): O, Lovely! Lovely! A fairy cap! Look, Koa.

RANGI (*jumping from throne*): Let me wear it, Hine! Please!

HINE (*stamping her foot*): No! No! It's mine!

(She rushes to occupy throne.)

RANGI: Get off my throne!

HINE: It isn't yours!

(They scuffle, Koa grabs cap.)

HINE (*in a rage*): Give me my cap! It's mine! Give it to me, I say!

KOA (*holding it on her head with both hands*): But I want it! It's my colour!

TURA: But I saw it before Hine! It's mine!

(Koa and Tura scuffle for cap; Rangi and Hine for throne. Fairies watch horrified.)

KOA (*wailing*): O, you're tearing it!

HINE: Give me the fairy bonnet!

(Fairy Queen appears from behind tree. She claps her hands smartly. The children part. They stare in amazement. Fairy Queen comes forward to centre of ring.)

FAIRY QUEEN (*seating herself on throne*): Mortals! Stand outside the fairy ring!

(The children, thoroughly awed, obey at once.)

FAIRY QUEEN: Fays! Come hither!

(The fairies run into the ring and seat themselves at her feet.)

FAIRY QUEEN: Mortal! Give me the bonnet!

(She places it on the head of the little fay.)

QUEEN: Tui, take three fuchsia fays and stand guard over these mortals!

(Tui lightly touches the arm of three fairies. They run and stand behind the children.)

QUEEN: You are our prisoners. Now, fays, what shall we do to these noisy quarrelsome children who trample down and spoil our leafy homes? Tui?

TUI *(peeping from behind Rangi)*: Whip them!

2ND FAIRY: Pull their hair!

3RD FAIRY: Pinch them hard!

LITTLE FAIRY *(fingering her cap)*: They've torn my cap!
Tear their frocks!

QUEEN: What do you say, Aroha?

AROHA *(a rata fairy)*: O, they are so sorry, Queen Rata!
Couldn't we let them go?

ANOTHER FAIRY: Yes, they really are sorry! See! They weep!

(She runs and puts her arm round the smallest.)

FAIRIES *(together)*: O, yes! Let us forgive them and send them away.

Please Queen Rata! They'll never come here again!
And they'll promise *never, never*, to fight and quarrel!
Please, please, Queen Rata!

QUEEN *(raising her wand)*: Silence! Now, what have you to say for yourself, Rangi?

(Rangi approaches and kneels before the Queen.)

RANGI *(tearfully)*: O, I am so sorry, dear Fairy Queen! So ashamed!

(Rangi pulls off her greenstone ear-drop and hands it to the Fairy Queen.)

QUEEN *(bending forward to examine it but recoiling as her fingers touch it)*: What is this?

RANGI *(humbly)*: I would give you my greenstone ear-drop!

HINE *(breaking from "guard")*: And I my pretty tiki!

KOA (*running forward*): O, Fairy Queen, take my pendant!
See! It's a pekapeka!

TURA: No! No! Queen Rata! Mine is a koropepe! It's the loveliest of all.

(The children kneel before the Fairy Queen, proffering their gems. The fairies crowd round admiring.)

FAIRIES 1ST: How lovely these gems are.

2ND: Look! How they gleam!

3RD: They are like green sunlight!

4TH: Like moonlight!

5TH: Yes. Yes! Like moonlight!

1ST: Like moonlight on the shadowy pool!

2ND (*clapping her hands*): Lovely, lovely gems!

3RD: Like moonlight on our shy forest pool!

RANGI (*pleading*): Take mine, Queen Rata.

HINE: Mine, too, O Queen!

KOA: And mine!

TURA: O, Lovely Queen! Take mine!

It's the loveliest of all!

(They try to push the gems into her hands.)

QUEEN (*angrily*): Stand back! Foolish mortals! Would you compel me?

(The children stand back amazed.)

QUEEN: You stupid children! Don't you understand that we fairies have no use for your clumsy jewels? They are lovely to the eye because of their form and colour and shining glory, like gleam of moonlight. But to the touch!

(She shudders. The children begin to weep.)

QUEEN (*in kindlier tones*): No! You do not understand! Poor blind mortals! You save up and you fight and quarrel for clumsy possessions. You live indoors between stuffy confining walls! You treasure things that grow old and wear out! And all the time there's the greenwood calling you, and birds' songs and forest flowers! And you, too, grow old. Poor foolish mortals! No, do not cry.

RANGI (*sobbing*): But we wanted you to have our jewels, because we love you.

HINE: And because they are the most beautiful things we have.

TURA: We didn't think they were clumsy. *Oh dear!*

(She sobs. Fairy Queen comforts them.)

KOA: We can never be happy again. Never!

QUEEN (*drawing the children to her*): Listen, dears! I know you wished to be kind. I'll tell you what we'll do. The fairies will accept your gifts but you will keep them, too!

We shall all share them, fairies and mortals!

(The children look at each other, puzzled.)

RANGI *(shaking her head dolefully)*: But it couldn't be done!

CHILDREN *(sadly)*: No! No! It just couldn't be done!

QUEEN *(gaily)*: What do you say, fays?

FAIRIES: Yes! Yes! Queen Rata! Of course we can do it.

CHILDREN: But— but—

QUEEN: Listen dears, and I'll explain. We fairies shall take the shadow-copy, which never, never, grows old or faded. Come fays!

Children! Hold the gems before me.

(The fairies group themselves to left and right of Queen. The children kneel before her holding out the gems. Fairies sing the charm, the Queen lightly passing her wand over the gems.)

FAIRIES *(sing)*:

Fairy pattern! Shadow pattern!

Weave the copy fair!

Weave, O weave, with care!

Gleam of moon-beam!

Sheen of star-gleam!

Fairy pattern! Shadow pattern!

Weave the copy fair!

Weave, O weave, with care!

(They sing the charm twice.)

QUEEN *(rising)*: See, fays!

(She holds her hands as though trickling gems through them. The children stare, puzzled by the absence of anything visible.)

FAYS: O, Queen, they are lovely as moonlight!

They are the most beautiful of our gems!

They gleam like starlight on the frosty nights!

Lovely! Lovely jewels!

QUEEN: Take them, Tui, and put them in our cobweb casket.

(Tui runs off left, holding her hands as though guarding jewels.)

QUEEN: Now, dears, the fairies have forgiven you. We shall sing for you because you have been kind. But you must run away as soon as we begin to dance.

The fairies sing song of beginning. At close children throw kisses and run off right. Fairies dance to music of "Fairy Gavotte."

CURTAIN

NOTES ON SCENERY, COSTUMES, ETC.

This is a little play which can most suitably be performed out-of-doors. In most school playgrounds a convenient area containing a few trees, etc., can be found, and this, with the addition of the mushroom, will provide an excellent stage.

An outdoor setting is not essential, however, and as this play is intended primarily for the use of the children themselves, a few suggestions on the subject of the arrangement of the indoor stage, might prove of use to the actors.

The back scene should be carefully drawn and the colours wisely selected so that the scene will appear natural and bright. Towards centre-back stage, a forest tree cut from cardboard and suitably coloured would perhaps be most effective, but if this is not convenient, a fairly dense piece of greenery might be substituted. In the centre of the stage a large mushroom should be firmly fixed, while a few ferns, placed here and there about the stage, would undoubtedly add to the beauty of the scene.

Although this is a forest scene, light should be fairly bright.

COSTUMES

A little ingenuity and skill will be required to make the costumes worn by the fairies in this play. They need not be elaborate nor expensive yet they must be bright and dainty. Coloured crepe paper would probably be the simplest material from which costumes could be made.

FUCHSIA FAIRIES

The petals, or skirt, could be of a pinkish-purple tinge (wild petals, or skirt, could be of a pinkish-purple tinge (wild fuchsia is found in many colours including greens and blues), while a bodice of green should also be worn. Beneath the petals, a short underskirt might be desirable. This should be of a "fuchsia blue," and should have a few cords tipped with yellow attached to the waist-band, and hanging a few inches below the skirt. One cord, slightly longer than the others and with a tassel of yellow attached, should be hung from the middle of the waist-band. Legs and arms should be bare.

The costume of the Fairy Queen might be of a more delicate hue than those of the fuchsia and rata fairies.

The fairy cap would simply be an inverted flower.

RATA FAIRIES

These could be dressed in a way similar to that of the "fuchsia fairies." Here, the bodice would be of a dark green and, as before, would cover the waist-band, but the skirt in this case must necessarily be of a different nature. Probably crimson raffia would be the most suitable material from which

a skirt could be made. On no account must the skirt be too long or bulky, for it is essential that the dainty effect be maintained.

Here, again, a very short underskirt might be worn, but it must be of yellow and must have strands of yellow raffia attached to it. Legs and arms should be bare. The rata fairies might wear a garland of rata blooms instead of a cap.

NOTE: The fairies would be of a very fair complexion.

FAIRY WINGS

Fairy wings might be made of light green cellophane, stiffened with copper wire and resembling a fuchsia or rata leaf in form.

WAND

This might be simply a slender green branch, tipped with a bright cluster of fuchsia flowers. Flakes of some sparkling substance might add to its effectiveness.

MUSHROOM

An old basin (large), pasted over with white paper, inverted and nailed firmly to a stand of suitable height, will make an excellent mushroom.

MAORI MAIDS

Costumes and pendants, etc., for Maori performers are described in the appendix. It should be noted however that these costumes must not be overdone. The children would not be wearing cloaks while at play, but would be clad in the piu-piu only, and by having this considerably shorter than in the case of those who are taking the parts of adults, a much more youthful and dainty effect would be obtained.

INSECT INTERLUDE

Comedy

CHARACTERS

Sandflies—

SAMMY SANDFLY
TOMMY SCOTCHEM
SERGEANT DICK PINCHEM
SIX SLICK-PRICKER RECRUITS
CAPTAIN POPPUM
PLATOON OF SLICK-PRICKERS
GENERAL SMITEM
OFFICERS AND SLICK-PRICKERS

Mosquitoes—

MILLY STICKEM
MOLLY SPOTTUM
NINA BLEEDUM
IVY SPIKEM
JEAN FEAREM
GENERAL MARTHA SMARTUM
OFFICERS AND NIGHT-SUCKERS

INSECT INTERLUDE

SCENE: A New Zealand forest with trees, ferns, undergrowth, etc. In the centre front of stage is a tree-stump at one end of which sits Sammy Sandfly, head in hands, weeping bitterly. Time—forenoon.

SAMMY: Boo-hoo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo-hoo!

(His noisy sobs prevent him from noticing the approach of Tommy Scotchem, a brisk cheerful sandfly who enters excitedly from right. He shakes Sammy vigorously.)

TOMMY: Here, Sammy Sandfly, that's enough! Just you stop that awful bawling!

SAMMY *(looking up and ceasing his wailing for a moment; then with renewed vigour)*: Boo-hoo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo-hoo!

TOMMY *(angrily, and shaking him more roughly)*: Stop it, I say! Stop it!

SAMMY *(tearfully)*: Oh! Please don't shake me, Tommy Scotchem! You hurt me. *(With bursting sobs)* Oh! I'm so miserable!

TOMMY *(contemptuously, as he settles on tree-stump beside him)*: Well, don't be such a cry-baby-Sandfly. At your age, too! Why, anyone would think you had only just dried your wings! A cry-baby-sandfly, that's what you are!

SAMMY *(wailing loudly)*: No, I'm not! I'm not a cry-baby-sandfly! I'm not! I'm not!

TOMMY *(with bored disgust)*: There you go! Blubbering away! I thought only girls went in for all that tear-splashing. Perhaps you would rather be called a girl-sand-fly? Would you?

SAMMY *(sobbing more lustily)*: No! No! I won't be called a girl-sand-fly! Oh! I can't bear it! Boo-hoo-hoo! Boo-hoo

TOMMY *(roughly)*: Well then, don't howl like one! What's biting you, anyway?

SAMMY *(stroking his face pathetically with a foreleg and gulping piteously)*: Well, my daddy was killed yesterday by that dreadful Man-Monster in the clearing, and my Auntie Polly Pottum too, and my three little sisters. And now, this morning, my dear kind grandma. She always used to save me the best nectar from the fuchsia and the rata and the rangiora. And whenever she could she brought me nice red blood from that nasty Man-Monster. And she was getting some fresh sweet morning blood for me when—

(His tears are again collecting when Tommy interrupts in a more kindly tone, patting Sammy encouragingly.)

TOMMY: Yes, yes, Sammy, I know. But don't start fretting about it! Everything is going to work out all right. Why, there's some good news waiting for you this very minute!

SAMMY *(raising his tear-stained face)*: What do you mean, Tommy Scotchem? What news?

TOMMY *(grandly)*: Sammy my lad, the Slick-Prickers are on the war-path! You know what that means! No more slaughter of our Sandfly folk! We're safe, Sammy, and our children, too, and their—

SAMMY *(interrupting petulantly)*: Oh, why can't you talk sense, Tommy Scotchem! Always showing off! As if any Slick-Pricker is safe as long as that cruel Man-Monster is down there, killing, and killing, and killing!

TOMMY *(with a flourish)*: Who's killing? That's all you know! Believe me, Sammy Sandfly, there's somebody else going to do the killing from now on!

SAMMY: Who?

TOMMY *(slapping himself proudly)*: Why, we!

SAMMY *(passionately)*: Oh! Why do you keep teasing me? You know quite well,—As if a few poor sandflies,—

TOMMY *(interrupting)*: And who said a few?
(With a lordly gesture.)

I'm speaking of thousands, and millions, and billions!—

SAMMY *(breaking in excitedly)*: What do you mean? Tell me! Quick! Quick!

TOMMY *(oratorically, with a wealth of gesture)*: The Slick-Prickers in action, my lad! Like the sands of the sea-shore, the petals of our forest flowers, the billions of drops of water in our rivers; like the—

SAMMY *(interrupting, an unconvinced, complaining note in his voice)*: But it isn't possible! How could anybody call them together? You know quite well it couldn't be done. How could it, Tommy Scotchem?

TOMMY *(grandiosely)*: Just you leave that to me, Sammy my boy! Leave it to me!

SAMMY *(crossly)*: Oh! There you are! Showing off again! Can't you tell a fellow what's happened without all that fuss and nonsense!

TOMMY *(uncrossing his legs as he turns to face Sammy on log, then re-crossing them, with an air of grown-up importance)*: Now, look here, Sammy Sandfly! What would you think of a round-up of all the Slick-Prickers?

(He pauses, to enjoy the effect of his question.)

SAMMY *(duly impressed)*: All the Slick-Prickers! You really mean that? Every single fighting sandfly?

TOMMY (*swaggering*): Such is my meaning. Every blessed one.

SAMMY (*after a brief reflection, doggedly shaking his head*): Couldn't be done! No! It's impossible!

TOMMY: Impossible your grandmother! (*With sudden contrition*): Oh, Sammy! I'm sorry! I forgot!

SAMMY (*abstractedly, engrossed in news*): Granted. Now, look here, Tommy Scotchem, all these hosts of Slick-Prickers,—how could we muster them? Why, it's too marvellous! It's too good to be true!

TOMMY (*chuckling*): No! It's too true to be good,—for that beast of a Man-Monster, with his great slapping arms, like the boughs of the rata, and his—

SAMMY (*interrupting excitedly*): And they'll attack together? In mass formation? Oh, Tommy! How spiffing!

(*He dances joyfully around, waving forelegs in air.*)

TOMMY (*indulgently observing his friend's transports*): Spiffing, I'll say! In mass formation, my boy.

SAMMY: Oh, bully! Kapai the Slick-Prickers! Kia Ora the Sandfly! Down with Man the Enemy! Man the Intruder!

TOMMY (*portentously*): And what's more, we're getting allies for the great offensive! Stout allies, my lad!

SAMMY (*sobered*): Allies? What allies?

TOMMY: What allies? Why, the Night-Suckers, no less! Well? What do you think of that? The Mosquito-Amazons in action along with our valiant Slick-Prickers!

SAMMY (*anxiously*): But, Tommy, those Mosquito-Girls won't ever go into action by day! You know quite well they only attack at night.

TOMMY (*stroking his chin thoughtfully*): Yes, you're right there, Sammy. That's what my uncle, Colonel Nippem, is afraid of. But General Smitem says they'll join us all right, once they're sure our Slick-Prickers are strong enough.

SAMMY (*contemptuously, as he resumes his seat on stump*): Now, isn't that just like a Night-Sucker! Won't chance a blessed thing! They'll come in at the last for the honour and glory! That's a girl-skeeter all over! Humph!

TOMMY (*tolerantly, with an air of superior wisdom*): Oh, I don't know, Sammy. They're Night-Suckers, you see,—born that way. Anyway, there's a big conference going on over there in Larva Marsh.

SAMMY: A conference? Slick-Prickers and Night-Suckers? Now?

TOMMY: Yes. A conference. And—

(*Suddenly he pauses, listening intently. A muffled sound of drums from the distant left.*)

Do you hear that, Sammy?

(He runs to left of stage, gazing into the distance.)

SAMMY *(returning to join Tommy)*: What can it be?

TOMMY *(excitedly)*: It's our men! It's the Slick-Prickers! They've all come! There they are! At Pupa Creek, waiting!

SAMMY *(hopping with excitement)*: Oh! Let's go, Tommy, and see the fun!

TOMMY *(sharply)*: Don't be silly, Sammy Sandfly! We've got to stay here.

(He returns to front of stage and picks up two small moss-bowls from behind tree-stump, handing one to Sammy, who sulkily follows him.)

You know jolly well we're supposed to be collecting that nectar for the boys. Here, take this and get busy!

SAMMY *(sullenly)*: Nectar! As if they won't get plenty of fresh blood from the Enemy!

TOMMY *(scooping dust and dry leaves from his bowl)*: Sammy Sandfly, you're dumb! Don't they need a good meal before they go into action! Don't they? And didn't the General order us minors to collect nectar? Didn't he?

SAMMY: Well, what if he did? I don't care!

TOMMY: They've come far enough, many of them. Haven't you ever heard that a Slick-Pricker fights on his stomach? Haven't you?

SAMMY: Of course I haven't! It isn't sense! He fights for his stomach. I would, I know!

TOMMY: Be quiet! Listen!

(Sounds of voices are heard dimly off stage. Tommy and Sammy dash to left of stage, gazing into distance.)

TOMMY: Oh! Look, Sammy! There's your cousin, Corporal Dicky Pinchem, coming!

SAMMY: Golly! So it is!

TOMMY: Here, we'll have to get that nectar.

(They begin squeezing nectar from fuchsia flowers, seemingly too intent on their task to look up as a stout military Sandfly, with three stripes conspicuous on his left foreleg enters, followed by 6 recruits. He swaggers to stump, and sits down, fanning himself vigorously.)

DICK *(to recruits)*: That's all right, you chaps. You can take it easy. Get some nectar into you.

(Tommy and Sammy come forward, looking guiltily at each other, then at moss-bowls. Each hands his bowl to a recruit, who, quickly draining it, throws it down contemptuously. Dick looks on with amusement. The recruits range around, hungrily absorbing nectar.)

DICK (*cheerfully*): Yes, I thought as much! Been holding a pow-wow, I know! Lazy young blighters!

(*Tommy and Sammy move somewhat shamefacedly to front of stage. They stand at opposite ends of stump, gazing admiringly at Dick, who stretches himself luxuriously, as though relaxing after exertions.*)

DICK: Jove! But I'm tired!

SAMMY: How many did you muster, Cousin Dick Pinchem?

DICK (*good-naturedly*): Now, look here, my lad! Sergeant from you please!

(*He points proudly to stripes on left foreleg.*)

SAMMY AND TOMMY (*simultaneously*): Oh! How stunning! Sergeant! Sergeant! That's great!

TOMMY: When do we attack, Sergeant?

DICK (*spreading himself*): At noon, infant! At noon!

SAMMY: The big offensive at noon?

DICK (*nodding, as he fills his pipe*): The big offensive!

TOMMY (*joyously*): What a scrap!

DICK (*swaggering*): The War to end War!

SAMMY (*dubiously*): Humph! I wonder!

TOMMY: But the Night-Suckers?

DICK (*contemptuously, spitting*): Who said Night-Suckers!

SAMMY: They won't join us?

DICK: Scared, my child! Scared! That's their little trouble.

SAMMY: You see, Tommy Scotchem? I was right! They daren't attack till sundown.

DICK: That's it, youngster! Hit the head on the nail that time.

(*He sings lustily, the recruits in background interrupting their meal to listen, nudging each other in their enjoyment.*)

DICK: "Who's afraid of the Great Big Sun?

"Skeeter girls! Skeeter girls!"

TOMMY (*hotly*): They'll let our people do the dirty work, those mean sneaky Night-Suckers! That's a Skeeter all over!

DICK: Now then, Thomas! Dirty work be hanged!

(*grandiosely*): The glorious task of War!

SAMMY (*doubtfully*): Glorious!

DICK: Here, don't be a wet blanket! Course it's glorious!

TOMMY (*grimacing at Sammy*): Course it is! Jolly good fun, too! Wish they would let me come in! Wouldn't I just—

DICK (*interrupting, as he knocks ashes out of his pipe*): Wouldn't you just eat him up, my bully boaster! Drink him dry! Well, not to-day!

(*Rises and stretches himself, then turns to recruits in back-*

ground, still imbibing nectar): Now then, you fellows! You've done yourself well! Give yourself a clean up and meet me in five minutes at the parade ground. Off you go! (*The recruits march off right.*)

DICK: Now, you youngsters, pull your weight, too. See here, leaf bandages for the wounded! And more nectar! Do you hear? More nectar!

SAMMY: But, Cousin Dick, won't our Slick-Prickers get plenty of fresh blood to last them?

DICK (*proudly stroking his stripes and brushing himself down*): Now don't arguefy with an officer, my lad! No shirkers in the camp! And don't forget, stretchers too, slings and splints! You know the words. Well, tata you loafers! And get busy!

(*He swaggers off, conscious of the admiring glances that follow him.*)

TOMMY: Gee! Isn't he great! Wish I were a Slick-Pricker! (*He breaks off, listening.*)

TOMMY (*sharply*): What's that?
(*A faint zooming is heard in the distance.*)

SAMMY (*excitedly*): It's Night-Suckers! Listen!
(*The zooming grows more distinct from right.*)

TOMMY: Night-Suckers!

(*They run to right of stage, gazing into the distance.*)

SAMMY (*hopping with delight*): They're joining us after all!

TOMMY (*turning to Sammy, a note of doubt entering his voice*): But, Sammy, they're coming this way? Why aren't they joining our people at the parade-ground?

(*The zooming grows louder. Tommy peers into the distance. Sammy watches him anxiously, disappointment and disgust settling on his features.*)

SAMMY: Then they're not joining forces with us! After all!
(*His voice chokes.*)

TOMMY: Look! They're going on down to Wiggler Creek. See?

SAMMY (*gazing out*): But look, Tommy! Three of them coming on here!

TOMMY: What's the big idea? Coming here! What do they want with us? We don't want them!

SAMMY (*irritably, moving to rear of stage*): Oh! what's the good of talking! Let's get busy with these bandages and things.

TOMMY (*still gazing intently into the distance, his face set and grim*): If those Night-Suckers start any funny business here.

(*He pauses, his expression changing to contempt*):

Well, I'm blest! It's only some silly girl-skeeters! Never been in action, that lot!

SAMMY (*nervously*): But we haven't either, have we? Not yet.

TOMMY (*hurrying to join Sammy*): Here, let's ignore them, if they settle here.

SAMMY (*timidly*): What do you think, Tommy, of moving on somewhere else? Couldn't we leave them to it here?

TOMMY: Nonsense! Isn't this our patch? But don't take any notice of them! See? Girls hate that. Just show them they don't exist!

(*Three Mosquitoes enter, giggling and talking excitedly.*)

"I don't believe you, Milly Stickem!"

"Do you really mean that, Nina?"

"Isn't that just like him!" etc.

(*Tommy and Sammy turn their backs ostentatiously, absorbed at rear of stage in their Red Cross occupations.*)

MILLY STICKEM (*languidly settling on tree-stump, while her companions move delicately round the stage, flaunting themselves self-consciously to impress the Sandfly pair.*)

Well, I'm sure I did all in my power to advise them.

(*She removes with foreleg a tiny vanity case from under wing, and begins "making up."*)

MOLLY SPOTTUM (*shrugging her shoulders, with backward glance at Sandflies*): And goodness knows, Milly Stickem, they can't afford to lose any more Slick-Prickers!

(*She joins Milly on log, preening herself.*)

NINA BLEEDUM (*turning a contemptuous glance on busy pair of Sandflies*): But what can you expect, Molly Spottum? If they would only hand over their fighting entirely to their women! Anyone with sense knows it's a woman's job!

(*She settles disdainfully on floor to left of stump.*)

MILLY (*nodding*): You're right, Nina Bleedum! Men-fighters! Pooh! No tactics! Pure bunglers! Bah!

(*She sniffs in direction of pair.*)

SAMMY (*in an audible whisper as Tommy, stung by insult, is on the point of retorting*): Don't be a fool, Tommy Scotchem! Let them talk! Who cares for girl-skeeters!

MOLLY: Yes, a poor lot, Milly Stickem! A poor lot! Still they go on in their footling way! And what have they done! Nothing! Nothing at all!

TOMMY (*breaking away from Sammy, who falls down, from the force of Tommy's repulse*): Let me tell you, Molly Spottum, we've done a jolly lot more than your frightened

Night-Suckers! All you can do is talk! What have *you* done, anyway!

MILLY (*her cold voice cutting through his outburst*): Well! Well! And what have we here? Two poor little lost Sandflies! Two little kitchen-hands!

(*The Mosquitoes, who have jumped up, startled, settle themselves languidly. Sammy joins Tommy at left front of stage, glaring truculently.*)

SAMMY: What do *you* know about fighting, Milly Stickem! You're not any use at all! Pooh! Dolling yourself up all the time!

(*Two more mosquitoes, Ivy Spikem and Jean Fearem, enter from right.*)

NINA: But why the pleasure of your company? What of the big offensive?

IVY SPIKEM (*with a contemptuous drawl as she settles gracefully on ground*): Oh! Don't make him cry, Molly Spottum! He can't help being a poor little soppy Sandfly.

SAMMY: I tell you, Ivy Spikem, I'd sooner be a dead Sandfly than a living Skeeter! Any day I would!

IVY (*with exaggerated drawl*): Well, of course, if it's company you're wanting!

(*All mosquitoes except Jean Fearem laugh jeeringly.*)

SAMMY (*hotly*): I bet you, one single Slick-Pricker is worth dozens of Night-Suckers! Hundreds of them!

TOMMY: We don't want you here, you Skeeters! No one asked you to come! Shoving yourselves in!

(*Mosquitoes exchange glances of amused contempt. Jean Fearem begins to whimper nervously.*)

MILLY: Our brave brawling brothers!

IVY: Sandfly savages!

CHORUS OF MOSQUITOES: Sandfly savages! Sandfly savages! (*They laugh uproariously.*)

JEAN FEAREM (*standing forlornly at right front of stage, and taking no part in recriminations*): Oh! Don't let's quarrel with them! Please, come away!

MOLLY: Now then, Jean Fearem, that's enough! You're too scared for words!

JEAN (*tearfully*): But you started it.

TOMMY: She's worth ten of you, Molly Spottum!

SAMMY: She's got too much sense for a girl-skeeter.

NINA: I'm sure she's flattered!

TOMMY: Besides, she's the only Girl-Skeeter here worth looking at. The only one I've ever set eyes on.

SAMMY (*joyfully*): That's what I say!

MILLY: Such excellent taste you have!
IVY: Taste, I'll say! All in their mouths!
NINA: Sippy Sammy.
SAMMY: Sneaking Skeeter!
MOLLY: Toddling Tommy!
SAMMY AND TOMMY: Sissy Skeeters!
CHORUS: Sippy Sandflies,
 Sneaking Skeeters.

TOMMY (*breaking into song, his voice dominating*):

Sneaking skeeters
Fly by night;
Sneaking in
To steal a bite.
Sneaking skeeters!
'Fraid of the light!

(*Sandflies laugh gaily and repeat verse more loudly. Mosquitoes confer angrily, then burst into song, their voices drowning Sandfly taunt.*)

MOSQUITOES:

Sippy Sandflies,
Such a rabble!
Full of senseless
Bibble-babble!
See Man squash this
Sandfly rabble!

(*They gleefully repeat, while Tommy and Sammy rapidly prepare reprisals. Nodding agreement, they take up the parable.*)

TOMMY (*with mock pity*):

Skeeter! Skeeter!
Don't you cry!
Soon the Sun sinks
Down the sky.

SAMMY: Then, dear Skeeter,
You shall fly,
Spiking sleepers
Where they lie.

TOMMY AND SAMMY:

Skeeters know it's
Safe to pry,
Once the Big Sun
Sinks in the sky.

TOMMY: Skeeter! Skeeter!
Nip your best!
See, the Big Sun
Sinks in the west,
Sleepers soon will
Seek sweet rest.

SAMMY: Toothsome cheeks; plump
Arms and chest,
Nourish sneaking
Skeeter guest.

TOMMY AND SAMMY:
Sleepers know their
Skeeter guest,—
Swollen nose and
Scratchy chest.

TOMMY: Sneaking skeeters
Wait for night;
Sleeping folk are
Safe to bite.
Sneaking skeeters,
'Fraid of the light.

SAMMY AND TOMMY (*louder*):
Skeeter! Skeeter!
Don't you cry!
Sun-God soon will
Leave the sky!
Skeeters then may
Safely pry,
Spiking sleepers
Where they lie.

(Sandflies entwine forelegs and hop gleefully round the stage, repeating their taunts, then stand to left of stage, gleefully rubbing forelegs together. Mosquitoes have moved to right of stage, where after an angry conference, they burst into their "hymn of hate." Jean Spearem stands dejectedly midway between Sandflies and Mosquitoes.)

MOSQUITOES: Sandfly Sammy,
Where's your brother?
Where's your father?
And your mother?



(SEE APPENDIX)

MILLY (*stepping forward*) :
Slapping hands, see!
Swiftly smother
Granny, Auntie,
Father, Mother!
Not the slightest
Bit of bother!

CHORUS OF MOSQUITOES:
Slapping hands, see!
Swiftly smother.

NINA (*taking Milly's place*) :
Silly Sandflies,
Seeking trouble;
Passing like the
Soapy bubble.

MOLLY AND NINA:
Sandfly Sammy
Cease your sighing!
Soon you'll get your
Chance of dying!

MOLLY, NINA AND IVY:
Tommy Scotchem
See Man smother!
Not the slightest
Bit of bother!

MOSQUITOES (*in chorus*) :
Silly Sandflies,
Seeking trouble;
Passing like the
Soapy bubble!

MILLY (*stepping forward*) :
(*crescendo*) Monster Man will
Early greet you;
Death's big slapping
Fist defeat you;
Hosts of butchered
Sandflies greet you;
In the Halls of
Hades treat you.
Slapping Fist will
Warmly greet you!

MOSQUITOES (*in chorus, loudly*) :
Monster Man, etc.

IVY (*stepping forward*):

Sandflies posting
To disaster:
See them scattered!
What a plaster!

CHORUS: Sandflies smothered!
What a plaster!

MOSQUITOES (*in chorus, louder*):
Silly Sandflies, etc.
Monster Man, etc.
Silly Sandflies, etc.

SANDFLIES (*in chorus, seeking to drown Mosquitoes*):
Sneaking Skeeters, etc.

(*The turmoil abruptly ceases as a tall Sandfly Officer, followed by a platoon of snipers, marches angrily in.*)

CAPTAIN POPPUM: Silence!

(*Turning to Sandflies*):

You graceless young scamps! What is the meaning of this?

TOMMY AND SAMMY (*saluting*): Beg pardon, Sir!

CAPTAIN POPPUM (*to platoon*): Stand at ease!

(*to pair*): Disgracing the Sandfly name! No more manners than that Flesh-eating Savage in the clearing!

NINA (*hissing*): Sandfly Savage!

TOMMY AND SAMMY (*penitently*): Sorry, Captain Poppum!

(*As Captain turns to sit on stump, Tommy and Sammy mutter "Sneaking Skeeters!" Their faces resume a mild aspect, as they again confront the Captain.*)

CAPTAIN P.: Never heard such a dog-fight in all my born days. You mannerless young louts! Have you no respect for your dead?

SAMMY (*falteringly*): Our dead, Sir?

TOMMY: Have there been heavy losses, Sir?

CAPTAIN P. (*mopping his face*): Heavy losses? What would you expect?

TOMMY (*anxiously*): My father, Sir? Is he, is he all right?

CAPTAIN P. (*casually*): Can't say, youngster. Regular massacre, that I do know!

SAMMY (*brokenly*): The wounded, Sir? Where are they?

CAPTAIN P.: Down there, by Looper River. Now, where do you think you're going?

SAMMY: To help with the wounded, Sir!

CAPTAIN P.: Not on your life! Why, there's as many ambulance helpers as wounded, pretty well!

(*Tommy and Sammy exchange doleful glances. Mosquitoes whisper together.*)

CAPTAIN P. (*in more kindly voice*) : You'll want to attend the memorial service, youngsters. To our fallen heroes. It's to be here.

TOMMY: As bad as that!

SAMMY (*bitterly*) : Memorial service! A lot of good that will do them!

TOMMY: Be quiet. He'll hear you.

SAMMY (*sullenly*) : What do I care!

CAPTAIN P. (*turning gallantly to Mosquitoes*) : You, ladies, I take it, will remain?

NINA (*primly, speaking for all*) : We thank you, Captain Poppum. We Mosquitoes are ever pleased to pay our respects.

SAMMY (*glowering and muttering*) : Suckers! A lot of silly Night-Suckers! What do we want with Suckers!

(*The sound of drums is heard.*)

CAPTAIN P. (*springing to his feet*) : They are coming. Attention.

(*All stand at attention. The drums grow louder. Soon the tattered remnants of the Slick-Prickers come marching in from right. Their officers halt them to left of stage, facing General Smitem, who stands in centre of rear stage preparing to address them. A guard of Night-Suckers is lined up opposite, at right of stage, their General, Martha Smartum, standing a short distance to right of General Smitem. Sandflies and Mosquitoes already on stage have removed to left and right respectively.*)

GENERAL SMITEM: Sandfly warriors! This day, in spite of the most heroic exertions, the great army of the Slick-Prickers has suffered defeat. Man the Intruder has again triumphed. The Pride of our Sandfly hosts have fallen to those monstrous, slapping hands. Nevertheless, O Valiant Ones! we remain as ever undaunted. Never shall we sheathe our rapiers from this Titan Gate-crasher, who would dispossess us of our ancient rightful haunts. Ever shall we raise the Slick-Pricker standard! Ever shall we sound our slogan, the far-famed war-cry of our honoured ancestor, Namu!

(*Loud chorus, Mosquitoes joining in.*)

E wero! E wero! E wero!

Ake! Ake! Ake!

GENERAL SMARTUM (*stepping forward and saluting*) :

Hail, General Smitem! Honoured leader of all the Slick-Prickers! The clouds of grief and destruction have indeed darkened your horizon,—a black and bitter moment in the

annals of the Sandflies. We, the Night-Suckers, come to offer, with both forelegs, our deepest sympathy. We come, O Brother Slick-Pricker, to crave the honour of chanting the Night-Suckers' lament for their fallen Sandfly friends. We, the proud descendants of the great Naeroa, raise the ancient war-cry, heard as oft amid the zooming of Night-Suckers as before the advance of Slick-Prickers upon this hereditary foe!—

(General chorus):

E wero! E wero! E wero!

Ake! Ake! Ake!

(General Smitem gravely salutes. Night-Suckers are marched forward a pace. To a zooming accompaniment furnished by five Mosquitoes previously on stage, they intone their lament.)

NIGHT-SUCKERS (*in chorus*):

Fallen! Fallen in Death!

The Pride of the Slick-Prickers low!

In the flower of their Sandflyhood

Fallen to Man the Foe!

Alas for their grief! Their woe!

GENERAL MARTHA:

Woe! Woe is me that all reckless their onset!

In the cruel glare of day!

The sun's blaze of noon!

The Voice of Wisdom counselled delay,

The kinder torch of Lady Moon!

CHORUS OF MOSQUITOES:

Fallen! Fallen in death!

O, the heart's pain

The Flower of the Slick-Prickers slain

In the pride of their Warriorhood ta'en!

Ah! The heart's pain!

For the Night-Suckers counselled delay,

The light of the Lady Moon.

But the Slick-Prickers fell in the day,

In the blaze of noon.

Too soon Ah! Too soon!

GENERAL SMITEM (*saluting*)

(*With accentuated dignity*):

On behalf of the great brotherhood of Slick-Prickers, I thank you, General Smartum, and all Night-Sucker Amazons, for your kindly-intentioned expressions of sympathy. But we would remind you that we in no wise regret the determined stand made by our fallen comrades, in full daylight, against Man the Intruder. Ever shall the sons

of Namu stand true to their colours, warring by day, undaunted and undismayed.

(He salutes General Martha, then turns to his men.)

GENERAL SMITEM: And now, my brave Slick-Prickers, let us chant our lament!

CHORUS OF SANDFLIES *(who have been marched forward a pace,—Tommy and Sammy joining in chant)*:

Fallen Comrades! We shall remember
Night and Day!
Bravely you charged the Intruder Enemy!
Brooked no delay!

GENERAL SMITEM:

Strong was your stand, O Valiant, and Unafraid!
Death you defied!
Honour upheld your dauntless spirits!
Nobly you died!
The Slick-Prickers' Pride!

CHORUS OF SANDFLIES:

What though you fell in the pride of your Sandyflyhood!
Bravely you clung
To the tender flesh of Man the Intruder!
Your forces you flung!
Furious you stung!
How the Slick-Prickers clung! And stung!

CHORUS *(loud and triumphant)*:

Death matters nought, for the blood of the Enemy
Freely is welling!
Centuries hence shall the Slick-Pricker Minstrel
Your story be telling!
Your fame ever swelling!
O, glorious the telling!

(At the close of lament, both Generals salute. Sammy Sandfly furtively wipes a tear. Behind General Martha's back Nina Bleedum points derisively at Sammy. Tommy scowls at her.)

GENERAL SMITEM: Again, O General Martha, we thank our Night-Sucker sisters. And now the Slick-Prickers would withdraw to bury our honourable Dead! Farewell, General Smartum!

GENERAL MARTHA *(saluting)*: Farewell, General Smitem! And fear not! We Night-Suckers pledge ourselves to avenge this overwhelming defeat of the great Slick-Pricker fraternity. This night our Amazons combine to deal with the Brobdingnagian! Doubt not the issue!

GENERAL SMITEM (*coldly*): Far be it from me, General Smartum, to belittle the earnest, and well-meant, efforts of ladies. However, with all due courtesy, we still maintain that the more effective and—pardon me!—courageous policy, as also the best tactics, demands an attack by day. Ever shall the Sandfly honour the policy of his venerated ancestor Namu, and fight openly, in the daylight!

GENERAL MARTHA (*stiffly*): As you please, General Smitem! As for our great Night-Sucker sisterhood, we, the race of Naeroa, staunchly insist that the wise soldier fights ever under cover of night, swooping like lightning upon the enemy, without fear of reprisal!

The Generals salute. First Slick-Prickers are marched off right to sound of drums, only Sammy and Tommy remaining. Night-Suckers are then withdrawn, loudly zooming. Nina and her companions fall in at rear. They turn, with a final grimace, to the two Sandflies, pretending to whimper; then clap their forelegs together to imitate the slapping of Sandflies by Man. Sammy and Tommy hiss in retaliation, taking a threatening forward step:—

“Sneaking Skeeters!

’Fraid of the light!”

“Who’s afraid of the Great Big Sun!

“Skeeter Girls! Skeeter Girls!”

(They move forlornly to right, gazing after them. The drums grow dim. The zooming fades as the

CURTAIN FALLS

NOTES ON COSTUMES, SCENERY, ETC.

In Insect Interlude will be found a suitable introduction to the study of insect life. A close study of the insects concerned will probably be necessary if costumes, etc., are to be at all effective, and while suggested costumes are given in these notes, it must be clearly understood that these are suggestions only. They are given merely to supply the children with some idea of what is desired, and there is little doubt that after some thought and study, a more lifelike and artistic costume will result.

With regard to the selection of suitable costume materials these might better be left to the ingenuity of those concerned, for not only will ideas differ on this point, but the resources will probably be vastly dissimilar. When choosing a material, select one the design of which closely resembles the markings on the bodies of the various insects. By doing this much time and trouble will be saved.

Cellophane, stiffened with a framework of fine wire will make excellent wings. In actual life, the wings are much longer, but it was felt that longer wings would be too cumbersome and would detract from rather than add to the general appearance of the costume.

If thought desirable, suitable masks might be constructed, but care should be taken to avoid any interference with the voice. Masks could be modelled from papier mache to fit the heads of the performers.

The various ranks (military) could be made distinguishable by the use of brightly coloured vests, or tunics, as well as by the marks of rank as illustrated. The Generals could wear many medals and other decorations.



Field-Marshal

General

Captain

Sergeant

Corporal

With regard to weapons, their description here should not be necessary.

NOTE: Since both the mosquitoes and sandflies are essentially of the "air," Air Force rankings, etc., could be satisfactorily substituted. The usual ambulance sign, i.e. the red cross on a white ground, might be used in this play.

SCENERY AND STAGE

The stage and back scene should be made to represent a clearing in the forest, but on no account must the stage be occupied by too much greenery, etc., since, towards the end of the play, all available space will be required for the performers. The tree stump should occupy a fairly central-front position. (For further information concerning stage settings, etc., see Appendix.)

SOUND EFFECTS

A ruler, twirled on the end of a string, will produce quite a realistic buzzing effect. (The bull-roarer might be fashioned according to the Maori style.)



WAITANGI

CHARACTERS

Maori Girls—

KURA

ROHU

Maori Boys—

RORE

KATU

TAKA

MOKA

WAITANGI

SCENE: *Outside a Maori whare. In the centre of stage, four Maori children are playing the Maori stick game. The girls are Kura, aged 12 years, Rohu aged nine. The two lads are Rore, 11 years old, and Katu 9 years. They are engrossed in their play, until the cry of "Kura!" "Rore!" "Where are you?" is heard off right. A moment later a lad of 12 years runs in. The children jump up and surround the newcomer excitedly.*

KURA: Have they come, Taka?

TAKA (*as eagerly*): Yes, they're here, Kura. They cast anchor at 11 o'clock this morning.

RORE: In a ship of war?

TAKA: Of course. A great ship of war.

RORE: And the Governor, is he here? The great Governor from the White Queen?

TAKA: Yes, he's here, Rore, at Kororareka.

KATU (*throwing himself on the ground and kicking ecstatic heels in air*): I want to see him, that Governor!

TAKA (*pretending to move off right*): Well, shall I order him to call on the Chief Katu?

(All laugh, Katu loudest of all, particularly pleased with himself.)

ROHU (*deceived, and plucking at Taka's arm*): No, don't go, Taka! Please! I want to know what the big ship is called.

TAKA: It is named the "Herald," Rohu.

ROHU: The "Herald"! That's a pretty name.

KURA: Tell me, Taka! Did your father, the Chief Kawiti, see it come?

TAKA: Yes. And he is still angry. He does not want this Governor.

KURA (*thoughtfully, her hand resting on Rohu's shoulder*): But it is too late now. He has come.

KATU (*lying at Rore's feet, prone on ground, his head cupped in his hands*): Will the Chiefs come and see him? Waaka Nene? And Kawiti?

ROHU (*eagerly*): And Tamati, too?

RORE (*before Taka can answer*): But, Taka, what will the great man, Mr. Busby, do now? Will he become like that?

(Rore stoops and passes his hand to and fro a few inches above the ground, in a gesture expressive of low estate.)

TAKA: Well, two cannot be high up, can they, Rore?

(He passes his hand in a similar motion, but above his head.)

ROHU (*pleadingly*): But you haven't told us his name, Taka? This Governor from the great White Queen?

TAKA: Well, you don't give me much chance, you know.

ROHU: But, quick, tell me!

TAKA (*drawling mischievously*): He is called Captain Hobson.

ROHU (*doubtfully*): Hobson! Hobson! I don't like it very much. It really isn't any prettier than Busby, is it, Kura? (*She turns to Kura. All laugh.*)

TAKA: But Nene says he is very brave, Rohu. The bravest of all the pakeha race that sail the ocean.

KAHU (*leaping to his feet, with an urgent desire for notice*): Look at me, everybody! Look at me! He will walk like this!

(*With a comical air of dignity he struts backwards and forwards on front of stage, head stiffly erect, right hand grasping an imaginary sword. Rore nudges Taka, Rohu giggles delightedly, and Katu flings himself again on ground, somewhat piqued. He grimaces at Rohu, to assuage injured feelings.*)

RORE: But what is to happen, Taka? Will he take our lands from us? Your father says he will.

KURA (*sadly*): And Kawiti is right, Rore. But what can the Maori do? It is too late now to send the white man away.

TAKA: Yes, that is what Waaka Nene says. He says it is no use,—the land can never come back to the Maori. Moka told me that Nene said that.

KAHU (*suddenly*): Where is Moka?

RORE: In the forest. He went to ask Waaka Nene for the new bird-spear.

KURA: You go, Katu, and find Moka. (*Katu runs off left.*) Moka may have heard more news from his foster-father.

TAKA (*chuckling*): Moka says Waaka Nene has been having a lively time with the other Chiefs.

KATU (*running in excitedly*): Moka is coming. I met him on his way here.

(*A tall youth enters, carrying a bird-spear.*)

ALL (*delightedly*): Good-day, Moka.

MOKA: Good-day. What's all the excitement? The new Governor, I suppose.

KURA: What will happen, Moka? When do the Chiefs meet him?

MOKA: To-morrow, probably. Oh, I suppose there will be plenty of talk—no end of a Korero.

(He passes his bird-spear to Katu, whose interest in politics has met a rival.)

TAKA: And then the pakeha will have all our lands! All of them!

RORE: Oh, Moka! Will the pakeha be up high? And the Maori down low?

ROHU: But not slaves, Moka? They will not make us slaves, these cruel white men from across the sea?

MOKA *(laughing, to reassure her)*: No, no, little Rohu! The pakeha make no slaves. But there is to be a treaty, a puka-puka, to sign.

KURA *(hotly)*: But why should we sign the pukapuka? This country belongs to the Maori. We sign that paper, and we have no more land.

TAKA: Kawiti says we cannot live if we have no more land.

KOHU *(wailing)*: Oh! He'll make us slaves! I know he will, that man with the ugly name!

MOKA: Don't be foolish, Rohu! It will not be like that at all. Come, I will show you. *(He moves to centre of front stage.)*

MOKA: See, I am the brave Rangatira Hobson from the Great White Queen. I sit here.

(He retrieves his bird-spear, and squatting on the ground, holds it regally in his right hand.)

TAKA *(eagerly)*: Where shall I sit, Moka, please?

MOKA: On my right. You shall be the man Busby.

(Taka self-consciously squats at Moka's right.)

KATU *(pressing forward)*: Oh, Moka, do let me be the missionary Williams.

RORE: And me the Bishop! Please, please! The Pikopo will be there, too, of course.

MOKU: Well, Katu can be Mr. Williams. No, here, Katu! On my left!

RORE *(preparing to follow)*: And me for the Pikopo!

MOKA: No, Rore, No! I shall need you and the girls for chiefs.

RORE: But you must have the Pikopo!

MOKA: Well, Katu can be both. The Pikopo, and the Missionary Williams.

RORE *(only half consoled)*: Well then, let me be Waaka Nene.

MOKA: You'll do as I tell you, Rore! Now, Rohu, stand here. You are the Chief, Hone Heke.

(Rohu takes her place, giggling nervously.)

KURA *(moving to a position opposite)*: Then Rore and I will stand here, Moka?

MOKA: Let me see. Yes! You, Kura, are the Chief Tamati.

RORE: Then I'll be Waaka Nene.

(His attention is suddenly caught by the presumptuous Rohu, who is squatting on the ground daintily arranging her flaxen kilt.)

Look at Rohu! She cannot sit when the Governor is present. She must stand!

(Rohu scrambles guiltily to her feet.)

MOKA: Now, I shall talk.

(He rises, with an assumption of great dignity, and bird-spear in hand, begins to stride backwards and forwards in front of stage, as so often he has seen his elders do. He pauses at intervals in his discourse.)

MOKA: Good-day, all you Chiefs! Good-day to you, Hone Heke.

(Rohu giggles, but is subdued by a warning frown from Kura.)

MOKA: And to you, O Tamati!

KURA: Good-day to you, O great Governor!

RORE: But Kura shouldn't speak, Moka, should she?

MOKA *(pointedly ignoring the interruption)*: And Good-day to you, Waaka Nene!

RORE: Oh! I really am Waaka Nene! Did you hear, Kura? He said Waaka Nene!

KURA *(witheringly, looking straight ahead)*: Who said one should not speak. *(Rore subsides.)*

MOKA: I am the Governor Hobson. I come from the Great White Queen beyond the seas. I have come to do good to you, and not evil. If you sign my pukapuka, all will be well. I shall be a Chief and a Father to you. I shall protect you from those bad white men who steal and kill.

(Pausing in his oratorical stride.)

You shall have more blankets.

TAKA *(who has been listening intently)*: But how do you know it will be like this, Moka?

MOKA *(in his natural voice and relaxing his pose)*: I heard my foster-father speaking with the other Chiefs.

RORE *(urgently)*: I want to speak now, Moka! I am Waaka Nene. I want to speak to the Governor Hobson.

MOKA: Well, don't spoil it again, Rore!

(He resumes his Governor pose.)

What sayst thou, Waaka Nene?

RORE: O, great Governor, will you make us your slaves, to till the ground for you?

KURA *(passionately)*: Or will you give us back our land? You say we need a Governor and a Father. But without the land, we cannot live.

RORE (*carried away, and forgetting his part*): My father says the land is our Mother. He would drive out the Governor, and all his people, like this, across the great Ocean of Kiwa!

MOKA (*coldly*): It is not Waaka Nene who speaks. It is just Rore.

(*Rore's arms, vigorously sweeping, fall limply to his sides.*)

What sayst thou, Hone Heke? Will you sign the pukapuka of the Great White Queen?

ROHU (*overcome with nervousness*): Oh, please, Moka! Tell me what to say!

(*Rore and Katu laugh riotously. Rohu's lip trembles.*)

MOKA (*sternly, to mockers*): Be quiet.

(*To Kura*): You, Tamati, what say you?

KURA (*with dignified mien*): I say. Go away! If the Governor remains, the Maori will have no more lands. But this country is ours. It is the land of our Fathers.

MOKA: But the pakeha will not take your land. I, the Governor, swear that if Tamati will sign my pukapuka, he will be stronger and safer. For the Great White Queen will give him protection from his enemies for his children, and for his land.

KURA: But I, Tamati, have been cheated by your people. They are bad men, these pakeha. Is not Jackey Mormon of your race?

MOKA (*frowning*): But Jackey Mormon is only one. What of the missionaries?

KATU (*with sudden consciousness of the "cloth," breaking his silence*): Yes, yes, the missionaries, Kura! They are good pakeha, the missionaries!

KURA (*reprovingly*): Tamati.

KATU (*apologetically*): Tamati, I mean.

TAKA: But will the Governor Hobson really give us blankets?

MOKA (*pompously*): You shall have blankets. You shall learn new arts. You shall build fine houses and become wise and rich.

ROHU: And will there be a feast, Moka?

KATU (*ecstatically*): Yes, yes, a feast! Pigs and potatoes!

(*He rubs his stomach, in gleeful anticipation.*)

RORE: And rice and sugar?

TAKA: And tobacco, Moka? Tobacco, too?

MOKA: Oh! it's no use. You can't do it properly.

(*He examines his bird-spear.*)

Well, I'm off!

TAKA: Where, Moka?

MOKA: To spear birds for to-morrow's umu. I've wasted too much time here.

TAKA (*eagerly*): Couldn't we come too?

RORE AND KATU: Yes, yes, Moka!

MOKA: Very well. Get your spears.

(The boys are rushing noisily off right. Moka moves towards left exit. Rohu is following him when Katu, turning, notices her. He rushes across stage to block her exit. Moka and the others pause.)

KATU: But not Rohu, Moka? We don't want girls!

MOKA: No, Rohu. You know you always talk and frighten the birds away.

RORE: And she cries, the baby! when the spear kills the bird!

ROHU (*turning pettishly away*): You cruel things, I hate you. And I hope Jackey Mormon catches you in the forest. And then you will go into his umu!

(The boys laugh and rush off, right, as Taka cries, "Quick! Our spears!")

KURA (*seeing Rohu's tears very near*): Come, Rohu. We'll collect the sticks. Boys are cruel—they're made that way, I think. Listen!

(Cries of "Kura! Kura! We've come!" off right.)

ROHU (*happily*): It's the Canoe poi. You promised to teach us, Kura. Don't you remember?

(The boys run across stage carrying their bird-spears.)

ROHU (*defensively*): We'll have better fun than you, anyway. We're learning the Canoe poi.

(Boys go off left, laughing.)

VOICES FROM RIGHT: Where are you, Kura?

KURA: Here, Rangi.

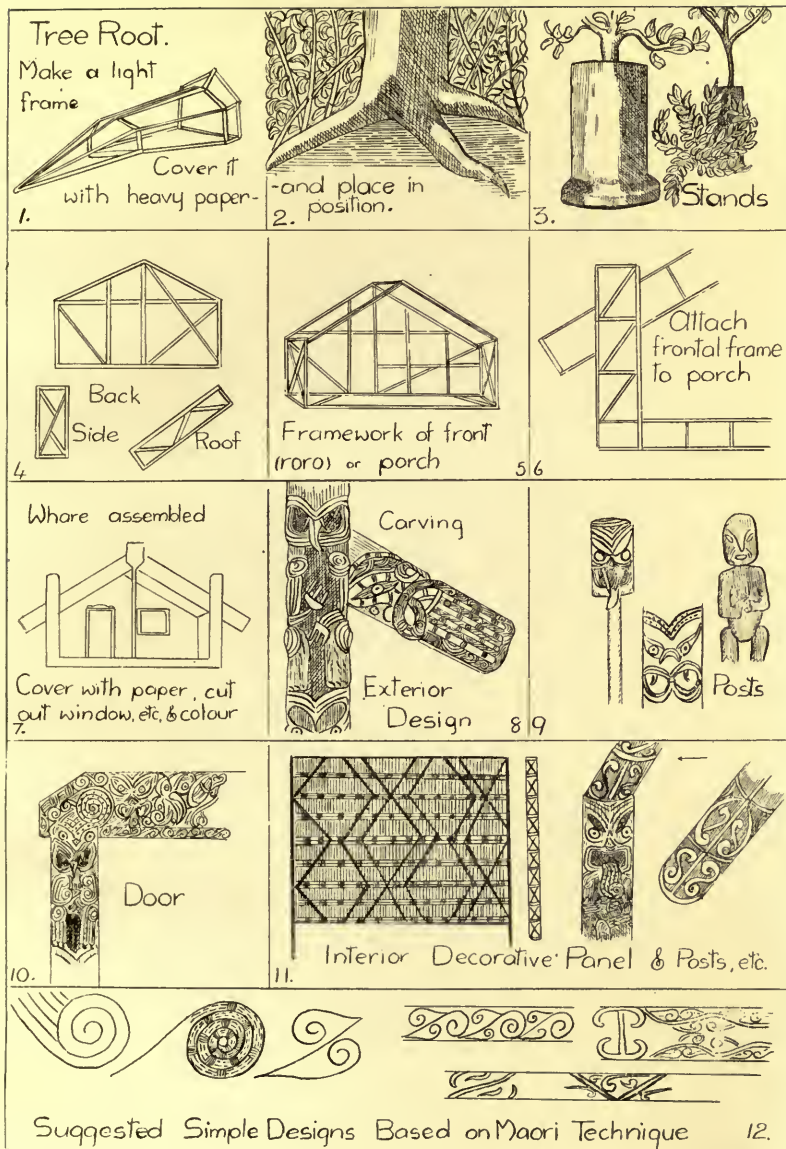
(Several little Maori girls run in.)

RANGI: Are you ready, Kura?

KURA: Yes, quite ready. We must be careful of the time, remember!

She gives the necessary instructions for the Canoe poi. They practise earnestly as

CURTAIN FALLS



(SEE APPENDIX)

NOTES ON SCENERY, COSTUMES, Etc.

Since this little play is based on a definite and most important historical event, there is little need to mention its possibilities as an introduction to history. It too, should, if possible, be performed out of doors, though this is not essential.

The arrangement of the indoor and the outdoor stage would be somewhat similar, the large Maori whare occupying a central-left position while the remainder of the stage would be rather bare. The back scene should be drawn to represent the interior of a Maori village. If convenient, a slender tree might be placed towards right-front stage.

The children taking part in the stick-game would sit in a square towards centre front stage.

COSTUMES, ETC.

Detailed notes on dress, etc., are given in the Appendix. It should be noted, however, that these are children, and as such will wear little in the way of clothing. Moka might, if so desired, be a little more elaborately garbed.

A bird-spear is simply a long slender rod, tipped by a small bone point. This point might be about three inches long and have numerous barbs and notches along its edge.

NOTE ON GAMES

Perhaps the haka and the poi are to-day the most popular of Maori pastimes, but it will be found that performers and audience will derive much enjoyment from the game of Ti Rakau, or as it is more commonly termed, the "stick game." Such pastimes are not only forms of entertainment, but they are also excellent exercises.

The haka, a most vigorous form of recreation, is perhaps most desirable from a physical point of view, while the stick game develops a quickness and co-ordination of eye and hand. Grace and beauty are, it is claimed, developed by the poi.

A description of these games cannot be given here, but in an inexpensive little book, "Games of Ao-Tea-Roa," published by A. H. & A. W. Reed, will be found full directions for the performance of many games, as well as additional detailed notes concerning stage performances.

NOTE: As introductions to other plays, games might also be most effectively employed.

APPENDIX

NOTE ON PRONUNCIATION

Be careful always to give each vowel its true sound. Do not confuse *ao* with *au*, *ou* with *u*, or *ae* with *ai*. *Wh* is pronounced by emitting the breath sharply, in a kind of whistle, between the lips. *Ng* is pronounced as in singing. Add a vowel *a* to this work and practise *ng* sound.

Accent usually falls on the first syllable. In words beginning with *whaka* accentuate the third.

APPENDIX

These plays, besides giving the children practice in oral and dramatic expression, might form an excellent introduction to other subjects. Unfortunately, such activities as art and handwork have been combined with the drama only now and then, while its combination with other subjects has received even less attention.

Art activities might be worked out in connexion with stage settings and costumes for drama groups, or pageants depicting local history, or noteworthy events (e.g.) Waitangi. Such a programme would undoubtedly open up a most varied and extensive field of study.

In the production of weapons, pendants, stage-properties and costumes, most useful and interesting handwork studies, involving the knowledge of a certain amount of scientific and technical detail, would be provided.

Schools in New Zealand are now devoting much time, especially during February, to outdoor pastimes, and in view of this, these plays, together with the numerous recreations, exercises and studies connected with them, might be most profitably employed during that time. The open-air performance would afford ample opportunity for a study of Nature, while physical recreation could also receive attention. The Maoris were excellent swimmers and children should be encouraged to emulate them. Then, too, other water pastimes and land games, which would not demand too much exertion, might be introduced. More energetic exercises such as the haka would necessarily be reserved for the cooler days.

There should be no need to continue this outline of the extension of the drama, since teachers must adapt their studies to local conditions. All that has been attempted here is to give a few suggestions, and in this appendix to set down hints which might prove of use to those who may act these little plays.

NOTE: If a museum is available, make use of it.

DRESS

(*Maori*)

On this subject, only a brief account has been attempted.

The woven fabric made by Maori women was produced by a process now known as "finger weaving." Decoration was employed in the form of thrums of dressed phormium cords which were inserted during the fashioning of the fabric. Another form of decoration was the "taniko" border which consisted of a wide band of designs (triangular, etc.) executed in the few colours (black, brown and yellow) available to the Maori of pre-European times. A modern development is the use of brightly coloured wools for the decorative work, and "candle wick" for the plaited fabric.

The making of garments such as full length cloaks and shoulder capes would necessarily be a fairly lengthy process and one which cannot be described here. It should be noted, however, that by interpolating extra bands gusset-wise at the required places, the garments could be made to fit more closely to the body.

Cloaks were sometimes decorated with feathers, those of the kiwi making a warm and soft garment, while brighter colouring could be obtained by the use of feathers from the kaka, tui, etc. Feathers, as in the case of thrums, were inserted during the fashioning of the garment.

Whenever dogskin cloaks have been mentioned in this book it will be noted that they have been worn only by persons of high rank. These cloaks were made by sewing strips of skins on to a finely plaited or woven fabric. By the arrangement of black and white strips, a satisfactory design was obtained.

The Maoris also wore rough rain cloaks which were much coarser garments.

The various illustrations throughout this book will show clearly the modes of wearing the garments mentioned.

NOTE: Cords (e.g. thrums) may be made as follows:

1. Take a small portion of dressed fibre in the left hand.
2. Place it across right leg.
3. Still holding it firmly in left hand, roll with the right hand.
4. For thrums, etc., roll two such threads together.

COSTUMES

(*For Stage Purposes*)

These are effective, inexpensive and can easily be made by following the directions given in these notes.

CLOAKS

As it will be almost impossible to secure cloaks of Maori manufacture, an endeavour is made to show how common, every-day materials might be used in an approximation of the real article. A suitable material for cloaks is fairly well bleached sugar sacking which might easily be obtained from almost any store and which costs only a few pence.

1. Take an oblong piece of material and bind the edges.
2. Thread strips of undyed raffia, or "candle wick" through the material, keeping the strips fairly close together.
3. Mark off borders for taniko decorations.
4. Make border designs and attach thrums.

PIUPIU

(*Fig. 14*)

In the limited space available, it would be impossible to give a detailed account of the making of the "piupiu," or kilt, and even if it could be given, few children would, without a considerable amount of guidance, be able to make a really satisfactory article. Let it suffice to say that it is simply a narrow, plaited belt with a dense fringe of long flax thrums attached to it.

As a substitute we shall find raffia satisfactory, though it in no way resembles the genuine material. In attaching the raffia to a belt, care must be taken to keep the strands hanging as straight as possible. Any tendency towards bushiness will spoil the appearance of the costume. The varying lengths of the kilt might assist in the portrayal of age (e.g.) short for young people and longer for adults.

NOTE: Young folk generally wore small triangular slips, known as "maro."

Children might be permitted to wear the "piupiu," but, in the case of boys, no other garment should be apparent. Girls might wear a bodice as suggested elsewhere. The pattern of this garment is extremely simple and could be made by the girls themselves.

TATTOOING OR MOKO

(*Figs. 3 and 4*)

There are numerous legends concerning the origin of the art of tattooing. One Mataora is said to have visited the underworld where he found this art practised and, on returning, he brought the knowledge with him.

Tattooing, which is probably the finest form of personal ornamentation, was a very painful operation. The tattooing implement, which was hafted like a miniature adze, had a blade approximately one quarter of an inch in width. Several tools of various widths, and each having a special name, were used. According to Mr. Elsdon Best, the blade was first dipped into the pigment (made from soot obtained by burning such materials as kauri, kahikatea (white pine) heart, etc.) contained in a shell and was then placed in position and struck smartly with a small stick. In this way an incision was made. The process was lengthy and painful usually resulting in severe inflammation of the tattooed parts. It was an extremely sacred (tapu) operation and, though widely practised by the Maori, was not confined solely to persons of rank, or used as a tribal mark. Both sexes could be tattooed on reaching maturity, but men (fig. 4) were more elaborately decorated than women (fig. 3).

For stage purposes, a design arranged by the children themselves, might be drawn on the faces by means of a dark "lining" pencil. It should be noted, however, that the design must not be too elaborate, but must be rather open, if it is to be easily seen by the audience.

MAORI AMULETS

TIKI (*Fig. 7*)

The tiki, usually fashioned from greenstone, was the most valued form of neck pendant. Other amulets of less value were made from bone and whale ivory.

For stage purposes, a tiki might be fashioned from a piece of wood and suitably coloured to imitate greenstone.

REI-PARAOA (*Fig. 6*)

This neck pendant was fashioned from a whale's tooth and was much prized, though not so greatly as the tiki.

As in the case of the tiki, wood suitably shaped and coloured will be found to be quite satisfactory.

KURUKURU (*Fig. 4*)

This is an ear-pendant made of greenstone and straight in form. It, too, might be fashioned from wood and suitably coloured.

MAORI ORNAMENTS

KOROPEPE

This is a small scroll-like pendant which looks like a coiled snake. It was fashioned from greenstone and bone.

PEKAPEKA

(*Fig. 8*)

This is a highly prized amulet, bird-like in form and having two heads.

WEAPONS

KOTIATE AND WAHAIKA

(*Figs. 12 and 13.*)

The kotiate is a fiddle-shaped weapon, while the wahaika is a broad scimitar-like club made of bone, or wood, with a carven human figure projecting from the back and with a head on the butt.

MERE

(*Fig. 11*)

This is a highly-prized weapon fashioned from greenstone. It is about thirteen or fourteen inches in length, three and one-half inches in width at its widest part, and half an inch in thickness at the hand-grip, gradually tapering towards the outer edge of the blade. Its weight would probably be between one and two pounds. Wood, suitably shaped and coloured, will make quite a good substitute.

TAIAHA

(*Fig. 10*)

The taiaha is a two-handed striking weapon, about five or six feet in length. The striking end is about two or three inches in width and half an inch in thickness. This gradually merges into the hand-grip, which ends in a form of "tongue" ornamented with fine carvings. This "tongue" has, at its base, a most grotesquely carven head with elongated eyes, the central portions of which are made of paua shell. At its thickest part, the shaft is about an inch in width and three-quarters of an inch in thickness. This weapon, though slender, made from suitable wood, is exceptionally strong.

TEWHATEWHA

(*Fig. 9*)

The tewhatewha is, in appearance similar to the European battle axe; the blade, however, is merely an expansion of the end, or head, to form a heavier striking portion. It is made of wood.



UNDER-GARMENT

The garment worn by the children under their "kilts," or "cloaks," might be made of some suitable brown material. If possible, it should cling closely to the body.

TIPARE

The tipare, or head-band, should be made of flax, but if this is not convenient, strips of heavy paper will be found to be quite satisfactory. In fact, it might be found advisable to practise the plait by using paper before attempting one with flax.

- a) Arrange strips (as long as possible) as shown.
- b) Place in position.
- c) Take 3 and fold across and under 2.
- d) Fold 3 back down across 2 and under 1.
- e) Take 2 and fold down across 1 and under 4.
- f) Fold 2 back across 4 and under 3 parallel to 1.
- g) Take 4 and fold across 2 and under 1.
- h) Fold 4 back across 1 and under 2 parallel to 3.

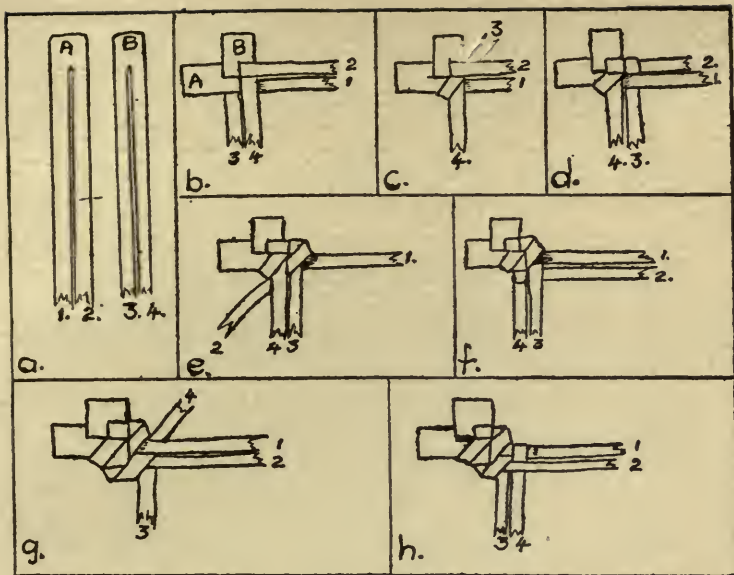
Commencing with 1, take each in turn as before and continue until tipare is of sufficient length.

N.B.—On every second "move" the strips should be in pairs, i.e., 1 and 2 — 3 and 4.

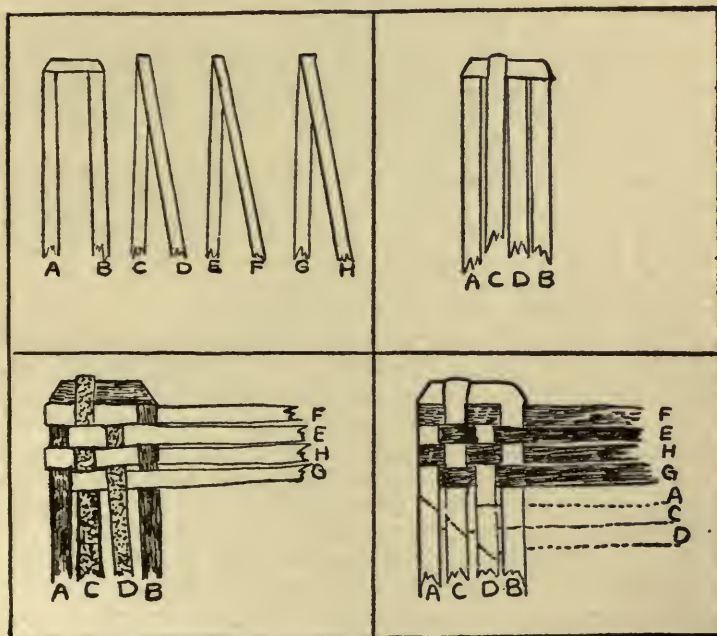
BELTS AND SANDALS

To make these take four fairly long strips of flax about half an inch or more in width and fold as shown (1).

- (2) This done, place C—D over A—B.
- (3) Then, taking E—F and G—H, place each in position as illustrated.
- (4) Fold A behind C, over D and behind B, its new position being parallel to G.



TIPARE PLAIT



PLAIT USED IN BELT AND SANDAL MAKING

C and D are treated similarly, leaving only B in its original position. F, E, H, G, A, C, D should now be parallel.

To continue, fold F across E, behind H, across G, behind A, across C, and behind D, making it, in its new position, parallel to B. This done, take E, H, G, A and C in turn and fold accordingly, leaving only D. Now, commencing with B, proceed as before until, once again, only one is left.

Continue this process until belt, or sandal, is of sufficient length.

In finishing the sandals, it will probably be found most convenient to fold back and plait in the ends. After having done this, attach looped cords to the edges and thread a draw-cord through the loops. By tightening this draw-string, the sandal may be firmly secured to the foot.

NOTE.—Strips, half an inch in width, will make a sandal of approximately three inches, or three and one-half inches (according to the tightness of the plait) in width. In practising this plait, heavy wrapping paper is probably more suitable than flax. Not only is it more easily folded, but individual strips may be marked as shown in the diagram.

WHARE

(*Maori*)

Here again it would be impossible in these notes to describe the various types of native houses. We shall, however, endeavour to give a brief account of the construction of a superior type of dwelling only.

A ridge pole, sometimes of considerable length, was supported by two large posts, each placed in the middle of its respective wall. This ridge pole projected outwards at the front to form a deep porch, and since the weight of the roof rested on the pole and its supporting posts, these had often to be of considerable size and strength.

The walls are made of flat, hewn slabs (often elaborately decorated), sunk into the earth, while the roof was supported by rafters (also finely decorated), the lower ends of which were fitted into the upper ends of these slabs. The side posts were not designed to support any great weight.

Between the side slabs were decorative panels, the most popular form of which was made by fastening light thin slats of wood horizontally to yellow toe-toe arranged perpendicularly. Decorative work on these was executed by the use of narrow strips of fibrous leaves of various hues. Each panel was divided into two sections by means of a central, vertical, cross-laced rod. The outer covering was of thatch (bulrush, etc.).

The door and window of such a house simply slid into recesses in the wall. Carven figures and designs might be seen on wall slabs, doorways, windows, and barge-boards etc., while painted designs would appear on rafters, skirting boards, sliding door, and window shutters.

Such a house, representing so much labour, would be seen only in a village of importance.

NOTE.—Nails were not used by the Maori.

WHARE (*For Indoor Stage*)

Since only the front portion of the whare will be viewed by the audience, there is little need to construct anything more elaborate. The front must, however, be strongly built, yet light enough to be handled with ease. A framework of light battens, constructed in a way similar to that shown in the illustration (Fig. 4-7), and covered with heavy grey wrapping paper, is perhaps the most suitable.

Upon the grey surface, raupo, carving, etc., might easily be drawn with ordinary school chalks, or pastels. The "carving" need not be elaborate nor need it be based on any specific carving unless, of course, some specimen is readily available, or it is desired to make a study of Maori art. It might simply be a design, Maori in form, but arranged by the children themselves. (See specimens of Maori and suggested designs. Figs. 8-12.) The colours should be rather bright and light and shade should receive most careful attention.

NOTE.—If heavy cardboard is obtainable, the design work might be cut out, the whole coloured a dull red, and placed over the darkened surface of the framework. To accentuate the design, a thin lining of white might be profitably employed.

WHARE (*For Outdoor Stage*)

For the outdoor stage, something of a more permanent nature might be desired, and should a shed be available, it might easily be transformed into a satisfactory whare by the addition of a suitably constructed and decorated front of wood (detachable). The shed itself need not be damaged, or its utility impaired in any way.

If, however, the children wish to build a whare, it would be advisable to have it constructed on European principles, so that when it is completed it will be not only ornamental, but useful. Perhaps the best situation for such a building would be across some little used corner of the school grounds. Corrugated iron will, if suitably painted, give quite a satisfactory thatch effect for roof and walls, while door and win-

dow, etc., should be faced with boards on which suitable designs have been carved or painted. The "ground" colouring for these facings would be a dull red. If desirable the interior might be decorated.

It might seem that these little plays do not warrant the construction of such a building, but, while this might be true, boys, in country districts especially, would certainly benefit by the experience of making a useful building, provided, of course, orthodox methods of building were observed. Such a whare would always be ready for use and besides being a convenient store-room in which concert or play materials might be kept, it would certainly add to the appearance of the grounds.

TREES

In constructing a large tree for stage purposes, the following hints might be found helpful.

The trunk of the tree, drawn on the back scene, should be of sufficient size to make the necessarily large roots appear natural. Grey wrapping paper, fastened to a framework arranged as suggested in Figs. 1 and 2, and coloured so that the roots will merge into the tree trunk, will do quite well.

NOTE 1.—It will be found to be advisable to colour the trunk right to the base so that, should any slight inaccuracy in the placing of the roots occur, this will be almost imperceptible to the audience.

NOTE 2.—The placing of individual trees about the stage where no wall is available for support might be simplified by the use of flanged drain-pipes. These, placed flange downwards, will support any suitable trees, but care should be taken to select only well balanced greenery.

BACK SCENES

These should, as far as possible, be made by the children themselves. Guided by the teacher, they should be encouraged to study "settings," to discriminate between essentials and non-essentials, to select colours wisely, and to study carefully the varying effects of the coloured lights at their disposal. Whether the scene be one drawn from personal observation, or whether it be purely imaginative, or one selected from a book, it must be reproduced in such a way that the audience will not be left in doubt regarding what it has been intended to portray.

If possible, the making of scenes should be left to the "Art Club," the members of which might work individually, or in groups, as occasion demands. The production of a particularly large scene might, however, require the services of more than one group.

MATERIALS REQUIRED AND METHOD OF APPLICATION

The materials required for the making of even a large scene, suitable for use on more than one occasion, need not be expensive.

Heavy dark grey paper, procurable in large sheets (5 feet x 4 feet), and costing only a few pence per sheet, might be gummed together until a sheet of the required size is obtained. In preparing the paper, care should be taken to see that:—

- (1) A three-inch over-lap is made throughout.
- (2) No paste adheres to any portion on which chalk will later appear.
- (3) All over-lap hangs downwards—so that hand, chalk, etc., will not “catch” on gummed edge when drawing.

Chalks, pastels and raddle have been found to be the most suitable mediums of expression, especially in the smaller schools, and with them large scenes (20 feet x 12 feet) have been successfully produced. In constructing these scenes, which were not grid-ironed (grid-ironing process explained later), the scene was first roughly arranged by light line drawings which could be altered without difficulty and without damaging the surface of the paper. If possible, the horizon was first determined, and this done, the larger masses were inserted. From time to time the drawing was viewed from a distance and any defects in placing, balance, etc., rectified. Colouring was then proceeded with, the sky receiving first attention. The method of application was as follows:—

- (1) Rub on chalks as heavily as possible, keeping, of course, the colours approximately in their right positions.
- (2) Smudge this by vigorously rubbing the hand (glove must not be used) across the chalked surface, and where necessary add further colour and continue smudging until a satisfactory effect is secured.
- (3) Treat the larger masses and the details last of all. Details, if they are to stand out clearly, should not be “smudged,” but should be drawn with pastel or chalk as heavily as possible, since it is on the clearness of these that the effectiveness of the scene depends.

Raddle, which is procurable in numerous colours, might be used alone, or with chalk and pastel, and although it is perhaps a little more dusty than chalk or pastel, the resultant scene will be found to be equally satisfactory.

NOTE.—

- (1) Do not be afraid of colour.
- (2) Observe light and shade and make profitable use of black.
- (3) Keep the scene as bright as possible.
- (4) Keep the scene thoroughly dry.
- (5) Spray with a suitable fixative. Ready-made fixatives might be procured from almost any store, but should it not be possible to procure one, dissolve granulated gum arabic in methylated spirits (1 oz. to 1 quart approx.), and spray on to the scene with a "fly sprayer." When spraying it might be found to be advisable to have the scene lying on the floor, as, in this way, any risk of "running" will be eliminated.

SCENE PLANNING

In planning a scene, the following method might prove the most convenient:—

- (1) Make a sketch, preferably coloured, of the intended scene on a suitably sized piece of drawing paper.
- (2) Grid-iron this with squares (1 inch squares will probably be the most useful).
- (3) Grid-iron the large scene with a similar number of squares.
- (4) With white chalk, transfer an outline of the material contained in each square of the drawing on to the larger squares of the back scene.
- (5) Suitably colour, using the method already described.

LIGHTING

While it is recognised that suitable lighting effects are an asset to any indoor stage production, there is, however, little necessity to have anything elaborate for the average performance. It is essential that sufficient lights (including foot and spot lights) be available and that they be easily controlled. Almost any coloured material (transparent), so long as it is not inflammable, might be used to produce colour effects for spot, etc.

In country districts, where electricity is not yet available, six volt batteries have been found to provide sufficient power for all necessary lighting effects.

There is little need to discuss "lighting" at further

length, since most teachers will be able to give adequate directions.

WARNING

THE MAINS SUPPLY IS DANGEROUS

Have NOTHING to do with it unless a qualified electrician has made all necessary arrangements.

NEVER tamper with plugs, wires or electrical fittings.

MAKE-UP

For the benefit of those who have not the usual make-up materials at their disposal, the following simple recipe is given:—

- (1) Finely powder some deep red raddle.
- (2) Mix with warm superfine lard (or petroleum jelly) until a fairly stiff paste results.
- (3) Add a little powdered blue raddle until the required shade of brown is obtained.

The mixture is now ready for use and may be kept in jars until required.

NOTE.—Raddle is procurable in numerous colours.

Apply this mixture sparingly. Perhaps the best method is to rub it on to the hands and then do the body and face, care being taken to apply it evenly, otherwise a somewhat streaky effect will result. Care should also be taken to darken under the nose, behind and inside the ears, the soles of the feet and between the toes and fingers.

To remove the make-up use *hot* water and soap.

N.B.—The Maori complexion is, generally speaking, a light brown.

HINTS

For the benefit of those who have had no training in dramatic art, the following hints are given:—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.—In these plays, left and right mean the left and right of the audience. If so desired, left and right may be interpreted as the left and right of the performers. The directions given in the notes would have to be altered accordingly. The following diagram may be helpful:—

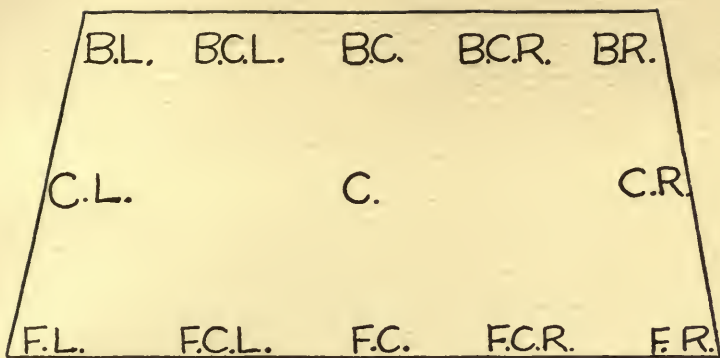
PROPERTIES.—It will be found advisable to have all the necessary properties ready before the curtain rises. In this way any awkward “waiting” may be eliminated. Each child should be responsible for his or her own personal properties.

PROMPTERS.—If possible there should be two prompters,

one on each side of the stage, and these should be people whose voices are clear. Prompters should try to be present at rehearsals and above all, they must not prompt when only a pause is intended.

HINTS TO CHILDREN ACTING THE PLAYS

- (1) Always try to rehearse the play under the conditions in which it is to be finally acted.
- (2) A common fault of young actors is to speak rather too quickly. This must be carefully avoided as your audience must grasp fully the meaning of every word and action as the play progresses.
- (3) Never lose sight of the fact that your words must be conveyed to the audience and not to the stage floor. Talk to the back of the hall. Audibility often depends on the direction rather than the volume of one's voice. Thus, if an actor is talking to someone on his left, or his right, he must be careful not to turn so far towards that person that his voice becomes lost to the audience.
- (4) Many young actors seem to be afraid of pauses. This tendency is probably due to a fear of giving an impression that the words are forgotten. Actors would do well to remember that a dramatic pause can often be more effective than speech.
- (5) When the audience is laughing, do not continue speaking until quietness is restored. By not observing this little rule, important lines are often lost to the audience. On no account let these pauses be obvious, however, and if possible conceal them with a suitable action.
- (6) Endeavour always to "live" the part you are acting—to be for the time actually the person you are pretending to be. This will help you to avoid shyness and stiffness of movement, and to move freely and naturally about the stage. Every gesture should be made decidedly and with no signs of hesitation, since meaningless movements tend to irritate the audience.



Audience

DIAGRAM OF STAGE

Key to diagram:—

- B—Back.
- C—Centre.
- F—Front.
- R—Right.
- L—Left.

